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Suter's Poem on
Death, Judgment, and
Eternity.
1803.

Chester Nov 1802

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DEATH, JUDGMENT,

AND

ETERNITY,

A

POEM,

IN

THREE PARTS,

BY ALEX. SUTER.

*A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.*

HERBERT,



Chester :

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Preface.

IT is universally allow'd that every man has some time or other to DIE. Was this all; little needed be said, but it is also allowed, that that is only the commencement of a state to which there are no bounds. ETERNITY itself is the period of duration which each enters upon after death—and that too, of joy inexpressible, or misery that cannot be told. How awfully concerned then is every candidate! and all the living are candidates. What need then is there to think on, what need then is there to prepare for securing the one, and escaping the other! Especially as life, the only season allotted by heaven for such work, is so short, is so uncertain. To rouse men to this—to engage the living to concern themselves with Death—Judgment, and Eternity—to get ready to die well—to stand approved at the dead tribunal—to live for ever, where life alone can properly be enjoyed—what pains hath God, and, by him, have good men taken? Every leaf of scripture is replete with such important lessons. These duties have frequently, variously, and long been treated of (indeed the subject is inexhaustible) by the ablest pens, both in prose and verse, in all ages, as things, certainly above all others, by far the most worthy the attention of man.

PREFACE.

I have humbly attempted, in the following lines, to set these matters forth in as plain and impressive words as I well could do, endeavouring, also to bring each solemn part forward in as due an order as possible. I sincerely entreat the indulgence of the reader; but, above all, Heaven's approbation of, and blessing on the piece.

A. S.

Alraham, Nov. 22, 1802.

A POEM, &c.

PART I.

THE hero's actions in some future date,
Laborious men have studied to relate.
But which can shew us, or whose tongue declare
What hidden things beyond the present are?
Where find the man, among the pow'rs beneath,
Can tell the secrets of the realms of death?
What in the chambers of the earth remain
For man to follow? or what good obtain?
Can he improve his god-like mind below,
Or taste the sweets which from fair science flow?
Study great Nature thro' each various stage,
And wond'ring, mark her ways from age to age?
Will *there* true knowledge open to his view,
And in death's regions can he truth pursue?
His growing powers the sacred mysteries scan,
And trace the mazes of redemption's plan?
His time improve? recall the misspent day?
And live that o'er again he cast away?

Oh! Muse celestial, help me to explore,
That state which follows when this life is o'er.
Now swell my bosom with seraphic fire,
My feeble hand direct, my fainting soul inspire.
Oh! tune my heart, whilst I thy glories sing,
And purest truths in sweetest numbers bring.
Kindly assist, and hallow, LORD, my verse,
That I, tho' mean, those glories may rehearse.
Help me the secrets of that place to tell,
Where the lov'd dead in peaceful silence dwell:

To sing their rising, and their final doom,
The righteous judgment, and the life to come.

The solemn Grave, that sure, that last retreat,
Where dwell the humble poor, and honour'd great,
Here honest tombstones loudest lectures preach,
And silent statues living mortals teach.
With veneration I these mansions tread,
And hold some converse with th' instructive dead.

Great names lie here unnotic'd and unknown,
And ancient deeds are told in sculptur'd stone.
What mighty numbers swell the heaving ground,
Whilst undistinguish'd their past states are found!
Should here high-birth advance its lordly claim,
Or honor vaunt its late—its boasted name;
How much mistaken, since within this place,
All fare alike—the monarch with the base?
No cap in hand, no knees submissive bend,
With dust and ashes here great titles blend.
Rank and distinction cease within the grave,
Here sleeps the prince, the peasant and the slave.
The rich, the honour'd, those of noble birth,
Shake hands with worms, and mingle with the earth.

The wearied beggar, here lies down to rest,
Nor ought in future shall his peace molest.
The grave desir'd, in death he sought for ease,
Sincerely wishing for a kind release:
This, this the asylum where he long'd to be,
Here ends his toil, his weary soul's set free.

And here I view a pleasing shape defac'd,
Where hunger-bitten worms find sweet repast:
The *beauteous form*, divinely fair, behold,
Death's vanquish'd prey, whose icy arms enfold!
Where's now the eye which once outshone the gem,
And sparkled brighter than bright Phœbus's beam?
The fascinating smile, th' ensnaring voice,
Which charm'd the old, and made the young rejoice?
The graceful motion and majestic mien,
With all the sweetness lately to be seen?
Ah! Beauty's boasts are but an empty show,
Which death assures us of, in his domains below.

Not

Not fairest forms are proof against decay;
 Nor will the vermil keep the worms away.
 The face which once was lovely to the sight,
 Must drop its beauties in the shades of night.
 What profit then, ye *fair ones*, will you gain,
 In being honour'd by the sons of men!
 For such peculiar marks, unsparingly bestow'd,
 With traces more divine and features more of God;
 Consummate wisdom's art to mould the lovely clay,
 Must be some greater good in some distinguish'd way.
 Ye fairest pieces of creating skill,
 Your dignity assume, your higher ends fulfil.
 Haste then and learn that beauty's but a name,
 Which in the grave can no distinction claim,
 Beauty of mind alone, secures a deathless fame.
 The pleasing shape how much deform'd it lies!
 A sight from which kind pity turns her eyes.
 But view, ye proud, and see, for you remains
 This sad mutation—this unwelcome change!
 Here, you who think the earth not fit to tread,
 Must with the meanest shortly lay your head.
 That vain applause which swells an empty mind,
 Will leave you helpless in the grave confin'd.
 Charm'd with delusions—pleas'd with less than
 dreams,

All but the *one thing* now most welcome seems.
 Death soon will rob you of your fond conceit,
 And lay you hopeless at the beggar's feet.
 Sad thought, sad change, which surely waits the
 great,

And all, who thoughtless, this sure change forget.
 Their hopes all blasted, all their pleasures gone,
 Their lasting sorrows hasten quickly on.
 Pass a few moments, and bold death steps forth,
 To end the contest of superior worth.

The sick man weary with his constant pain,
 Seeks ease in night, but longs for day again:
 The light appears, but all his comfort's gone,
 For the lov'd shades he vents his plaintive moan.

Keen

Keen anguish fixt within his weary breast,
 Nor day, nor night, can bring the wish'd for rest:
 Sighs, mournful sighs his close attendants be,
 But death gives the discharge and sets his spirit free.

Th' illustrious hero, who in battles stood,
 And scorn'd his foe, and fiercely shed his blood;
 Must soon to death's superior arm submit,
 And freely lay the laurels at his feet.
 Against such pow'r, what human force can stand,
 Or wrest the bolt from death's imperial hand?
 Here noble warriors lay their weapons by,
 And cease in bleeding fields their skill to try.
 The blooming honors they of late did gain,
 No mention make within their dark domain,
 Nor longer boast the numbers they have slain.
 Peaceful and easy here from war they rest,
 No more oppressing and no more oppress.

'Tis here the potent give the contest o'er,
 And strength lies vanquish'd by superior power.
 The man of years, his hoary head laid low,
 Forgets the dangers he of late went thro'.
 The man of business, now his labour's o'er,
 Rests with the man once deep in wisdom's lore.
 The wise, the foolish, join; the old, the young,
 Within the grave an undistinguish'd throng.
 Of different sects, and names; of different climes,
 Had different customs, liv'd in different times:
 Yet here they meet, and here their journies end,
 Whilst poor and rich, their mutual ashes blend.

Could neither riches, power, nor beauty save
 Their honor'd owners from the noisome grave?
 Nor youth? nor wit? nor friends? nor strength de-
 fend?

Nor highest stations save them from this end?
 Alas! must *all* thy dread command obey,
 Death, dreary pow'r! and own thy mighty sway?
 Thou aim'st at all alike th' unerring blow,
 And prince and peasant at thy feet must bow.
 In vain the great pleads his high pedigree,
 His splendid state, or fam'd renown, with thee:

Great

Great names are nought to stop the fleeting breath,
 High titles sound not in the ears of death.
 In vain the busy, pleads his want of time;
 In vain the youth, "I yet am in my prime;"
 In vain the gay, "I've other company,
 "And at this time I cannot wait on thee."
 The glutton pleads his feasts, his cups, in vain,
 And fondly wishes death would call again.
 But men in vain would plead affairs of state,
 Yea, princes' pleas, would prove but vain debate.
 To kings, even kings, th' appointed hour will come,
 When they must change the palace for the tomb;
 Quit the lov'd confines of the cheerful day,
 And claim acquaintance with the worms and clay.

Happy the man, who having safely past
 Life's troubled sea, has gain'd the port at last.
 The storm surviv'd, and to his lot resign'd—
 An harbour here, the weary shipwreck'd find.
 Here safely anchors, and no more shall be,
 Expos'd to evil from a dang'rous sea.
 Nor shall he be by future ills distress,
 Here troubles end, and here the weary rest.

But while I muse, and seriously relate
 The change of others to a future state;
 A solemn awe o'erspreads my pensive breast,
 My thoughts foreboding that I soon shall rest.
 What is't to die? or must we die to know,
 This long-kept secret of th' realms below?

But, here I ask, Will these forever sleep?
 And will death still his numerous captives keep?
 Must they within his dungeons still remain,
 Of life bereft, and ne'er see light again?
 No; there's a day, from human ken conceal'd,
 When the great owner shall from Heaven reveal'd,
 In all his brightness, with his glories on,
 Sublimely seated on an azure throne,
 Descend to bring his ransom'd from the grave,
 His blessedness to share, and lasting glory have.

But let us now that grand event attend,
 When souls innumerable to their judge ascend.

That

That solemn period—O how near it is,
 When *all* must share, or pain, or endless bliss!
 Then, then the judge—methinks the time is here,
 Shall in full splendour, in the Heavens appear!
 His dazzling glories view we from afar,
 While circling angels guard his flying car.
 Unnumber'd spirits there surround his seat,
 And long his orders fully to complete.
 Riding on high, on swift-wing'd clouds he flies,
 Supremely awful, tow'ring o'er the skies.
 He, thro' thick darkness makes himself a way,
 And all around him blazes radiant day.
 The massy clouds at his approach retreat,
 And stars seem dust beneath his sacred feet.
 His eager hand lays hold on judgment then,
 Nor longer lingers with the sons of men.
 In robes of zeal array'd he comes to quell,
 His guilty foes and send them swift to hell:
 Whilst to reward the righteous he descends,
 And raise to glory his neglected friends.

Almighty judge! who may thy coming see,
 Ah! who with *pleasure*, LORD, shall wait on thee!
 Who, who, GREAT KING, of all our fallen race,
 Shall then attend thee with undaunted face!
 Shall gladly greet thee, at thy last return,
 And smile to see the long, long wish'd-for morn!
 Who shall triumphant rear their happy heads,
 And rise with joy from their dark, dusty beds;
 Dare meet thy coming with an easy mind,
 And leave corruption and their fears behind?
 'Tis LORD, the *righteous*—these, and these alone,
 The *pious faithful*, who their judge shall own:
 Thy near approach shall view without dismay,
 And see unmov'd the terrors of that day:
 They, pleas'd shall meet thee, righteous judge e'en
 then,

When thou tak'st vengeance on the sons of men.

But yonder steps a mighty angel forth,
 And takes his station on the Sea and Earth.

One foot he fixes on the briny flood,
 The billows rave, but firmly bear their load;
 The other settles on the solid land,
 Then rears with awful grace his potent hand,
 And low his body with submission bends,
 And to the work with anxious care attends;
 Then thro' unmeasur'd space, his voice like thun-
 der sends.

He high protests—swears by JEHOVAH's name,
 That as HE lives and ever is the same,
 Old *time* must cease and give his rolling o'er,
 And from this moment—die to live no more!
 His golden trump, the strong-lung'd cherub plies,
 Bids distant worlds from death's dominions rise;
 Th' immortal accents labour in the air,
 My soul think on it for thou wilt be there!
Ye sleeping dead—for judgment now prepare!

The sound celestial hastens on with speed,
 Thro' all the nations of the silent dead;
 Strike and amaze, astonish, please, confound,
 It speaks tremendous thro' the hollow ground;
 This one alarms, and that one calls in peace,
 And urges death to make a swift release.
 The sacred summons is by Earth obey'd,
 And she promiscuous casts forth good and bad.
 The lab'ring graves, teem, burthen'd with their load,
 And pris'ners quickly send to punishment and God.
 The daring impious forth to justice throw,
 Nor longer hide them in their graves below.
 The tombs of princes, and illustr'ous dead,
 Who scorn'd the ways of vulgar men to tread,
 Burst trembling open, and disclose their state,
 And cast them forth to meet the common fate!
 The green turf heaves with meaner dust below,
 But bursting opens various scenes of woe.
 The greedy sea at length resigns her stores,
 And rolls her millions on the frighten'd shores.
 By sea and land, death, from his dread abode,
 In fullest number gives them back to God.

Their

Their various atoms now together meet,
 And bone to bone shall render them complete:
 All in their order, we again shall find,
 Nor king nor subject, dares to lag behind.

The new-made creature from the dust again,
 Rises expectant of high bliss or pain.
 Lo! there the guilty starting from their tombs,
 Whilst fast approaching their destruction comes!
 Now sore amaz'd they ope' their weeping eyes,
 And lift their voices wailing to the skies;
 Their hideous yells rebound from sphere to sphere,
 "*Ah! now our dreaded doom, and our great judge are here.*"

This day terrific, they lament to see,
 And loudly wish that they might cease to be:
 To rest secure beyond the reach of pain,
 Their peaceful graves they long to find again.
 What dreary prospects have they now in view?
 How dark each scene! and every object new.
 Their dire condition such as never was,
 Tho' fain they would, yet back they cannot pass!
 Their visage pale; the trembling creatures shriek,
 They call on rocks, and their vain shelter seek;
 To feel existence in so strange a state,
 Who can their fears disclose, or galling woes relate?
 What mortal now, or e'en immortal tongue,
 Can tell the sorrows of the wretched throng!
 The dread suspense which sits on every face,
 What power beneath an infinite, can trace!—
 Who can unfold, or who with truth display,
 The grand transactions of th' important day;
 The deep arcana of each human mind,
 Each word, each deed, and every deed design'd;
 Burst every barrier, bring to open view,
 And shew us all ten thousand ages knew?—
 Lost in the vastness of the boundless theme,
 As one bewilder'd in some midnight dream;
 Their hopes, their fears, their various views to scan,
 Lost in the subject are the powers of man;
 To soar sufficient to that wond'rous height,
 The boldest fancy dies upon the flight!

The azure sky, with all its sparkling train,
Must now dissolve, and chaos meet again.
The Sun refulgent now his light must lose;
In darkness blackest night, his lengthen'd race must
close;

His quick'ning influence, his prolific pow'r,
Shall cease to be, and he must shine no more.

The silver Moon, lov'd Empress of the night,
That shone resplendent with her borrow'd light;
A cheerful guide amidst the lonely way,
(Her pleasing beams, sweet substitute for day,)
Must cease to shine, and lay her brightness by,
And end her journies in the bending sky;
Attention pay the mandate of her God,
And lose her lustre in a field of blood.

The numerous stars, those lesser lamps of night,
Must quit their stations and give up their light;
Tho' bright in beauty, and for ages there,
In grandeur roll'd within their shining sphere,
Must now submit, yielding to Heaven's decree,
And fall as sapless leaves from off th' autumnal tree.

Lo! with ten thousand tempests earth is torn,
And far into the boiling deep the flaming hills are borne,
Here fell destruction spreads her raven wings,
And rudely sports with all created things!
While peals of thunder rend the trembling sky,
The bursting rocks in dreadful fragments fly;
What killing terror and what deep dismay,
What fearful storms the darken'd clouds display!
Increasing conflicts, tumults, horrors rise,—
And here the plow-share of rank ruin flies
O'er fair creation's beauteous face below,
And widely spreads the scene of desolating woe!

Our stately earth which roll'd her steady way,
And blest us with alternate night and day;
Bestow'd unsparing all we could demand,
And fed her millions with a willing hand:
Her numerous beauties now are fled away,
As darkness hasten'd from the beams of day.
The varying seasons shall return no more,
Their pleasing changes are for ever o'er.

The lovely spring shall cease to feast our eyes,
 With colours richer than the Tyrian dyes.
 No more the green grass shall the hills adorn,
 Nor the rich harvest teem with golden corn :
 Then winters' winds shall give their raging o'er,
 Fierce tempests cease, and Boreas blow no more.

Here towering temples, and old kings' abodes,
 The haunts of mortals, and the place of gods :
 Here gilded domes, and lofty fabricks rose,
 Where midnight riot revell'd in repose ;
 The gay resort of pleasure and of mirth,
 The fond assemblies of the sons of earth.
 Those cloud-topt structures could no longer stand,
 Against the power of heaven's uplifted hand ;
 Great nature's works—and far-fam'd arts decay—
 Earth's boasted grandeurs fleeting pass away.

See ruins rise where comely order shone —
 Hear dying nature's last tremendous groan !
 Thro' all creation scenes of wonder rise,
 And earth and heaven in dread disorder lies ;
 'Tis bold to fancy, but what tongue can say,
 The huge convulsions raging every way
 O'er natur's lovely plains, to fix her fate,
 Her reign to finish, and to end her date !

Where's now the place, the late abodes of men ?
 Where find the spot ? or look for it again ?
 Where virtue flourish'd, and bright beauty bloom'd ?
 Where lovely innocence in anguish doom'd
 To bear the rigour of hard-handed fate,
 And sink unpitied under sorrows' weight ?
 Where the proud sported ? or the pious mourn'd ?
 Where liv'd the patient ? or the haughty scorn'd ?
 The lone retreats of pining want and woes,
 Where various ills, at various seasons rose ?—
 Their dwellings lost as tho' they ne'er had been,
 And the distinguish'd spot shall never more be seen !
 Of empires vast, and states of wond'rous pow'r,
 No trace remains of what they were before.
 Such desolation on each hand we see,
 As ne'er has been, and ne'er again shall be ;

Above

Above, beneath, around us every where,
Rude havock greatly reigns, and spreads from sphere
to sphere !

Now all disfigur'd those bright orbs on high ;
And all disorder'd, all beneath the sky.
—The undistinguish'd mass of various things,
And here unknown from meanest men are kings.

But heaven-born beings undismay'd arise,
With brightest glories beaming in their eyes.
In death's soft slumbers their dear ashes lay,
In joyous hopes of the return of day.
The happy morn bursts swift upon their sight,
In fullest glory with a tide of light.
In sweet repose they pass'd the hours of death,
And rise new moulded from th' realms beneath :
Imprison'd long within the dreary tomb,
New vigour gain and shine in freshest bloom :
The blissful morn returns with purest ray,
Death's dusky shadows all are fled away :
So fresh, so free, so glorious, so refin'd,
They start to being in full peace of mind :
They quicken'd spring from death to life again,
And greet each other on th' ethereal plain :
Their dust new moulded, they uncumber'd soar,
Where death, disease, and dangers are no more.
'Midst wreck of worlds, undaunted they ascend,
To meet their judge and everlasting friend.—
Yea, saints and sinners now together throng,
With joy—with fear, to judgment haste along.

End of the First Part.

PART II.

THE mighty throne is fix'd of wond'rous white ;
Whilst all heaven dazzles with resplendant light.
With what majestic grandeur do we spy,
The Judge now seated and his pris'ners by,
And all his books, Heaven's records, near him lie! }
Those sacred volumes where their deeds are set,
Well plac'd, well tim'd, to answer ev'ry date,
Shall be brought forward to the view of all,
And God in order, will on sinners call.

The book of *Truth*, the Law and Gospel then,
(Replete with precepts to the sons of men,)
Is open'd wide, their various acts to show,
And all the secrets of their lives below.
The truth divine, which flow'd to give them light,
And lead their footsteps from the paths of night;
With clearest counsels to inform their heart,
And teach them how to choose the better part :
As they receiv'd or disobey'd the same,
The just desert will be awarded them.

Of God's *Remembrance*, next, the book shall come,
That saints may joy, and sinners know their doom.
Remembrance of their lives, and persons there,
As friends or foes, to him or his they were ;
In secret malice or with open fraud,
Their works compleat shall all be spread abroad ;
Then all the virtues of his friends shall be
Expos'd to view, that all their foes may see, }
Their cordial love, and constant piety.
That all may know how faithful to their God,
And how unshaken in his cause they stood.

The book of *Conscience*, next, shall open'd be,
 That man in man himself again may see;
 That sacred voucher which was long suppress'd,
 Shall tenfold witness bear within the guilty breast:
 Thus conscience quicken'd shall again speak true,
 And actions long forgot appear in open view.
 Thus, in this book, shall man his conduct see,
 And man himself shall his own witness be;
 Attest the truth of ev'ry faithful date,
 And seal the sentence which must fix his fate.

The *Book of Life*, that register divine,
 Where names of saints in golden letters shine,
 At last appears—Its sacred leaves unfold,
 Here saints are written, and their deeds are told:
 Those, who, in truth, sustain'd the sacred name,
 Stand now the foremost in the lists of fame.

These the *Elect*, who their election prov'd
 By holy life;—In Jesu's cause unmov'd
 Stood firm—and to the last their duty daily lov'd.
 These, these shall find their honour'd names above,
 In the blest annals of unchanging love.
 Their labours writ, their ev'ry tear set down,
 Their pious pray'rs, and secret purpose shown;
 With all their suff'rings in the cause of God,
 And active patience under every rod:

Assembl'd worlds shall now their virtues see,
 And hear their righteous judge applaud their piety.

These are the records where the good are set,
 And where the wicked and their ways are writ;
 As by these books their actions disagree,
 Or well accord, they shall rewarded be.

The worlds assembl'd now before Him stand,
 And moving forward at his dread command,
 They take their station upon either hand.
 Here wondering millions gather round the throne,
 And tremble in suspense at what is to be done;
 Their anxious bosoms heave with deep dismay,
 Waiting the issues of this dreaded day:
 All nature hush'd, the tumult rock'd to rest,
 Save the commotion in the guilty breast.

The awful Judge, the solemn silence breaks,
 And to his friends in mildest mercy speaks :
 'ATTEND, ye righteous, who my calls obey'd,
 And gladly listen'd to the truths I said ;
 Pleas'd with your conduct, I your deeds approve,
 Commend your active zeal, and your increasing love,
 Ye earth despis'd, and all its glories spurn'd,
 And in my cause with ardent fervour burn'd.
 The truth you heard, and I remember'd well,
 These books attest, and show your growing zeal.
 The hallow'd pages were your dear delight,
 By day your study, and your care by night.
 Your conscience call'd, you fear'd to disobey,
 And to your duty every wish gave way.
 Ye precious souls ! the race of life ye ran,
 Boldly ye warr'd, and daily conquests wan ;
 With holy vigour your blest way pursu'd ;
 Who knew no pleasure but in doing good ;
 In darkest days, your conduct brightest shone,
 And to my service drew fresh numbers on.
 When foes to truth, with raging malice rose,
 And brav'd my law, and did my pow'r oppose ;
 When virtue lay low bleeding in distress,
 And vice gain'd credit with a better grace ;
 Folly unmask'd encourag'd wore the plume,
 And deepen'd darkness with a lasting gloom ;
 E'en then your virtues you dared show abroad,
 Each cross you nobly bore in honour of your God.
 Come, come my servants, who in sorrow mourn'd,
 Whose willing feet to my lov'd statutes turn'd,
 Whose ready ears receiv'd the sacred sound,
 And whose glad hearts retain'd the treasure found ;
 Whose happy souls exulted in its worth,
 And felt its saving pow'r, and long'd to set it forth.
 'Ye help'd the weak, the needy ye reliev'd,
 To your kind mansions you the poor receiv'd,
 The widow pitied, and the orphan own'd,
 Stood by the friendless where he could be found,
 Sought out the stranger with a kind concern,
 And fondly wish'd his lev'ry want to learn :

The plaintive moans of virtue in distress,
 Drew your compassion, and a swift redress :
 In lonely prisons fled to my relief,
 And pleas'd ye own'd me in each shape of grief :
 In dreary dungeons, where bereft of day,
 In cruel durance, I afflicted lay ;
 In dismal cells, where heav'd the hopeless sigh,
 Unpitied doom'd a living death to die,
 Where deadly damps shut out the wholesome air,
 And dire contagion spread its felness there :
 There; unconcern'd what various deaths could do,
 I have with pleasure seen, and have been seen by you.

'With cheerful haste your willing feet were led,
 To soothe the sorrows of the wretched bed ;
 Ye watch'd the sick, ye did the hopeless cheer,
 And all their wants to heaven commit in prayer :
 The burning fever felt your touch and fled,
 Your gentle hand the healing unguent spread,
 Stopp'd the disorder, turn'd aside the dart,
 And pour'd the cordial in the fainting heart ;
 Show'd dying sinners in their latest breath,
 How they might rise above the fears of death ;
 My richest mercy to their view display'd,
 And well inform'd them where their help was laid ;
 Stopp'd ready death, and his bold claim denied,
 And made him linger by the wretch's side ;
 Oppos'd his pow'r, till mercy's pow'r prevail'd,
 Had sav'd the guilty, and the wounded heal'd.
 The worst, ye said, might on my grace depend,
 Death lose his fierceness, and become a friend ;
 With sacred force detain'd the fleeting breath,
 And gain'd them mercy in the arms of death ;
 Dispell'd the dread that press'd their parting soul,
 Applied the balm that made the wounded whole :
 The fainting cheer'd, the mourning soul made glad,
 And sooth'd the troubled mind, and rais'd the sink-
 ing head.
 The doubtful dying ye with comfort blest,
 And led them hoping to eternal rest ;

With pleasing prospects of my mercy nigh,
Ye chas'd their fears, and made them long to die.

' Such cordial kindness to my person shown,
In sickness, prisons — every hardship known,
I kindly take as tokens of your love,
And now your persons and your deeds approve.
Your lives, your *all* were spent for these blest ends,
And pleas'd I own you for my truest friends.
The *books* attest, in honour of your ways,
That you trod daily in the paths of grace;
These bear you witness, and your actions show,
In all the varying scenes of light below,
How upright, pious, useful you have been,
And liv'd unspotted in a world of sin.

The *book of life*, where names from age to age,
Of my lov'd people, grace its every page,
Lo! in this book, this sacred book, enroll'd,
Ye steady faithful, your dear names behold!

They wond'ring view, and lost the grace to tell,
The mighty grace that rescu'd them from hell.

' Lord, when saw we thee weary, or distress?
Or poor? or needy? or in prison cast?
We never help'd thee yet, that we can tell,
Nor e'er did ought, as we remember well,
That can deserve such notice, Lord, from thee,
Why then such favours to such worms as we!

' If not to me, 'twas to my people done,
I thank your kindness, and your conduct own,
My meanest member was myself in part,
My servants' sufferings reach'd my tender heart:
What could they feel that I did not endure?
And ye reliev'd *me* when ye help'd the poor.
Your love to these, as you their wants could see,
Was shewn, and when to them, I count it done to me.
Come then ye righteous, by my father blest,
I bid you welcome to eternal rest!
Cease ev'ry tear, and all of sorrow die,
Be hush'd each murmur, and be gone each sigh;
Far hence ye fears, retire from ev'ry breast,
Of my lov'd people now supremely blest.

Adieu

Adieu ye evils, pain, and forward shame,
 Which my dear servants bore for my lov'd name.
 All hail ye saints, your watching days are o'er,
 Dire pain, pale sickness, ye shall know no more,
 Your duties ended, and your labours' done,
 Your conflicts' past, your weary race is run;
 Your sun uclouded shines, and ne'er shall set,
 Your bliss, unbounded now, shall know no date.
 No more with scorn shall you derided be,
 Nor know the sense of shame, nor hear of misery.
 Receive the kingdom, long for you prepar'd,
 Now take possession, 'tis your just reward;
 In cheerful patience you the vict'ry won,
 Now bear the conqueror's palm, now wear th' vic-
 tor's crown.'

They tune their harps, they bow before his throne,
 And lost in wonder, sing His GRACE alone.

THIS done, he turns him to the guilty race,
 Whilst justice heightens in his frowning face.
 He, rais'd to view, the trembling balance shows,
 And casts a look indignant on his foes;
 Then lifts his voice, while list'ning spheres dismay'd,
 Seem big with horror, bursting o'er their head,

' ATTEND, ye wicked, this my last address,
 And now I ask you ere your sentence pass:

' Did I leave glory, sinners, for your sake,
 And a mean mortal shape so freely take?
 My much-lov'd father's precious bosom leave,
 And flesh assume, in sorrow prone to grieve!
 Did I Heaven's honours willingly forego,
 And for your sakes liv'd destitute below?
 Ungrateful creatures! sinning, stubborn race!
 What meant your madness, to abuse such grace!
 My birth obscure, born in a stable mean,
 T' exalt to glory the base sons of men.
 I cloth'd with mortal my immortal part,
 While keenest anguish press'd my throbbing heart.
 The heav'nly host sang my mysterious birth,
 And swiftly fled to tell their joys on earth:

They

They hail'd you mortals, blest beyond compare,
 And pleas'd to join and in your triumphs share.
 My early suff'rings show'd how much I lov'd,
 My daily acts, my cordial kindness prov'd.
 While birds had nests, and foxes holes to rest,
 I liv'd unpity'd, destitute, oppress'd !
 The holy law my holy life adorn'd,
 For you I daily liv'd, by you were daily scorn'd.
 My pure examples led your feet the way,
 To lasting joys, to realms of brightest day.
 Whole nights in pray'r, I did for you entreat,
 And laid your cases at my father's feet.
 My calls pursu'd you, and my spirit strove,
 Yet still ye sported with my proffer'd love.
 Ah ! basest creatures, 'midst such mercies shown,
 To slight my favours, and your God disown !
 Did I such insults, rage, contempt endure,
 Your souls to ransom, and your peace procure ?
 Did I sustain such ills ? such loss ? such shame ?
 While sorrow's keenest darts oppress'd my tender
 frame !
 Did I sweat blood, and for your pardon pray,
 While chill'd by night, and scorch'd with heat by
 day ?
 Did I the cross, with all its horrors bear,
 And make you subjects of my dying prayer ?
 Did I on *Calo'ry* long your load sustain,
 Of God forsaken, and despis'd by men ?
 Did I to bloody death my life resign,
 And drink for you the dregs of wrath divine ?
 Did your sun suffer when I bow'd my head,
 And mourn'd my mis'ries in your guilty stead ?
 Did rocks of marble such commotion feel,
 As to beholders their concern reveal ?
 And did creation thus her grief express,
 Whilst you, obdurate, scoff'd at my distress ?
 Did ghosts return embodied from the tomb,
 And high commission'd to the city come,
 There to relate, and of my merits tell,
 How vast their import in the depths of hell ?

Whilst

Whilst you, ungrateful! heard the dread report,
My love, my pain, my blood, were your unceasing
sport.

Ah! long I sought, and strove your hearts to gain;
For you I pray'd, wept, bled, and died in vain!
Your lives to save, my wounds ye guilty, see!
Your judge, your saviour *past*, now view this day in
me!

'Go then, ye curs'd, since life and love ye spurn'd,
And all my blessings into evils turn'd!
Me in my members ye have crucifi'd,
And vilely all my gracious pow'r defi'd:
Lo! of your blood—your all, I now am clear,
And for *neglect*, you must my judgments bear:
I seal your sentence—banish you from God,
And change my golden sceptre to a rod:
I now command you to depart from me,
And never more my face in mercy see:
Hence, feel the weight of hands once pierc'd for you,
And to your sorrow know my threats are true.
The tongue which call'd you saving grace to feel,
Hear now pronounce and doom you down to hell.
You, whom I woo'd to share my throne on high,
Go, feel my vengeance where you cannot die!
The eyes which pitied, meet you now with scorn,
Since from mine arms you willingly were torn.
I quit my claim, tho' purchas'd with my blood,
And give you over to the scourge of God!
My pow'r to save shall on your ruin turn,
Away! in haste—in vain your crimes to mourn:
Go, vile apostates! from my presence go,
And feel a *scorn'd Redeemer's* wrath below!
Hence, hence with devils to their woful place,
Nor ever, ever know, the sweets of heav'nly grace!"

They hear the sentence not to be recall'd,
And each dismay'd with horror stands appall'd.
The dreadful heavings of their lab'ring breast,
Show now their weary souls with griefs oppress'd.
They trembling stand before his awful seat,
And bowing low, they thus their LORD acquit:

'Impartial,

' Impartial judge! our doom is fix'd at last,
 Just is the sentence which thou now hast past.
 Our time was lengthen'd by indulgent grace,
 And willing mercy lent a longer space,
 Till wearied out by sin, and our obdurate ways.
 Thy gentle warnings reach'd our stubborn ear,
 And kindly told us all we had to fear;
 Whilst the loud thunders of thy law proclaim'd,
 And in our hearts our basest actions name'd:
 Imprest our souls with more than common dread,
 But leagu'd with hell we would in darkness tread.
 Ah, best of beings! we thy Justice own,
 And mourning say that thou hast rightly done.
 We, worst of creatures! mock'd thy matchless grace,
 Turn'd from the truth, and fled from thine embrace!
 To excel in vice, our madness led us on,
 We each to ruin ran, and each have each undone!
 We spurn'd the terrors of this dreadful day,
 And as we cast thy word, so are we cast away!
 With fault'ring tongues, this killing truth we tell,
 Just is thy sentence—our desert is hell!'

They bow the head, their beating bosoms press,
 And ere they go they thus the *Saints* address:

' We thank your counsels—but alas! too late,
 We mourn our errors in a helpless state;
 But own your love, and your unwearied care,
 Your pains to lead us from sin's fatal snare.
 Your pious conduct show'd us right from wrong,
 Truth, clearest truth, dropp'd sweetly from your
 tongue.

Your kindest cautions timely reach'd our ear,
 Your faithful warnings fill'd our souls with fear;
 But we who scorn'd the ways of God to tread,
 Held in contempt all that you did or said.
 And now unpitied we become a prey,
 To those vile sins which led our souls astray.
 We once despis'd you, precepts, ways, and rule,
 And basely turn'd your love to ridicule;
 We thought *you* fools, disdain'd to give you heed,
 But now, alas! 'tis *we* are fools indeed.

Oppress'd

We urg'd our course in sin's forbidden road,
 And madly sported with the wrath of God.
 Oppress'd with woe, we shudder while we say,
 We now forsaken stand, hell's fearful prey,
 Must now remain in everlasting chains,
 And feel unpitied still increasing pains.
 We now with angels, who from glory fell,
 Sink unlamented to the depths of hell;
 The due demerit of our crimes to reap,
 And bellow thro' the vast unfathom'd deep!
 We might have trod the streets of massy gold,
 And with you, kindred, tales of mercy told;
 Have pluckt the fruit which ever-blooming grows,
 And drunk the stream that never-ceasing flows;
 Have bath'd in rivers of immortal bliss,
 And liv'd with you in endless happiness:
 In those blest regions of supreme delight,
 Have walk'd in raiment of the purest white;
 In heav'nly anthems borne a cheerful part,
 And join'd the chorus with a joyful heart:
 To *Jesus* bow'd, our kind redeeming Lord,
 And at his footstool with his saints ador'd.
 But ah! at last, we tune our souls to show
 Sorrows' full tide, and agonies that flow!
 With weeping eyes our mournful tales relate,
 And talk those mis'ries o'er must know no date;
 Send forth oppress'd in raging flames below,
 Eternal pearls of unremitting woe!
 Words now are vain to speak our deep distress,
 Or tell how direful now our hopeless case!
 Alas, for us eternally undone!
 Wildly we acted and brought ruin on.
 We *must* away, to linger will not do—
 O righteous judge! and friends, for evermore adieu!
 They turn abash'd, they haste the destin'd road,
 Avenging pow'r swift from the seat of God
 Pursues the guilty croud with sev'nfold speed,
 Whilst livid light'nings gleam terrific round their head!
 They blend together in the trembling throng,
 And drag dismay'd their haggard forms along!

From heav'n's fierce wrath which now they cannot
quell,

They flee for shelter to the deeps of hell;
And there complete their wretchedness made known,
Must underneath severest judgments groan.
Within these gulphs, where death and darkness reign,
Here high offenders mourn their growing pain.
Here envious spirits sport in horrid forms;
Here endless tortures rise from gnawing worms!
In vain they stretch their weary limbs to rest—
Here keenest anguish fills each heaving breast!
Here doleful sounds afflict their frantic souls,
And thro' their dungeons the harsh murmur rolls.
Their baleful eyes with frightful objects prest,
In woful langour never close to rest!
Here ceaseless show'rs are on the guilty pour'd,
And in each fearful drop is ruthless vengeance stor'd!
Opprest and weary with continu'd pain,
One moment's respite they shall ne'er obtain!
Their senses keen, their ev'ry want to know,
And all awake discern each shape of woe.
Base inclinations urge their rapid course,
Tease and torment with unabating force;
Nor can hell hinder, or these powers control,
These worst of demons, in the wretched soul:
These lawless passions still entire remain,
On objects stronger fixt, but fixt in vain!
Desires increasing—anxious to possess,
Their expectations rais'd, and rais'd but to distress!
The *Drunkard* raves with deadly drought opprest,
And ceaseless cravings fill his parched breast;
For the cool draught his eager soul shall pant,
In endless longings, and in endless want!
Say, ye *Lead livers*, who to pleasures prone,
Amidst the thunders of Heaven's righteous throne,
Say how bewitch'd and how bewitching led,
Your souls and others to this burning bed!
Your vile endearments end in deep despair,
In vain ye seek your former joys to share.

Here

Here fiery flakes enclose the tortur'd souls,
 And the black blaze, their sulphury curtain, rolls
 In pitchy folds, and shuts them up from light,
 In the dark gloom of an eternal night!

Say now, ye *Atheists*, who made light of hell,
 Its *true* existence speak, its *real* horrors tell!
 Your daring blasphemies within it pour,
 And *know* those pangs, your impious sport before.
 In its deep sides, heaven's solemn threat'nings feel,
 The pow'r ye once oppos'd, and christian truths, re-
 veal:

A God of justice, and a hell declare,
 The bliss design'd you lost, the height of sorrows
 share!

Here roars the *Swearer*, whose bold front defied
 Heaven's gracious king, and scorn'd the crucified.
 With restless writhings in these scorching flames,
 He mourns his folly, and again blasphemes;
 Again, whilst he his mis'ry strives to speak,
 His tongue bursts flaming thro' his burning cheek!

Endless these men—these sinners here to name,
 Or speak the wild amazement of the same:
 Here, from each dismal deep, and blazing cell,
 The groans which rise and rend the vaults of hell,
 Mix'd with the roaring flames their deathless tor-
 tures tell!

Here all the wicked, of what name or kind,
 Shall in these woful regions surely find,
 A just reward for ev'ry bold offence,
 Nor can the hand of pow'r, or friendship pluck them
 hence!

Their panting bosoms heave unusual sighs,
 And fruitless wishes now forever rise;
 In constant order ceaseless woes attend,
 Each guilty creature without hope or end!
 Ah! who can tell the anguish of each soul,
 While Heaven's stern justice lasts, and endless ages
 roll!

Thus they who scorn'd eternal life to prove,
And shunn'd the offers of redeeming love,
Whilst mercy mild, held mercy to their view,
Must now bid peace and rest eternally adieu!

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*End of the Second Part.*  
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PART III.

THE guilty gone, the Judge to saints attends,
And with delight he views his numerous friends.
He, pleas'd, now calls them with himself to come,
And bids them welcome to his father's home.

Now, now his servants in full glory rise,
With growing joys to reach their native skies;
Their golden pinions stretcht, they soaring haste away,
And mount to regions of eternal day.
The pearly gates fly open as they come,
And widely spread to make the ransom'd room:
The city bright, the pavement burnish'd gold,
Here the redeem'd with pleasure each behold.
To the fond parent the dear child is known,
Each greets his kin, the friend his friend shall own.
The ancient dead, with those of later date,
Each other know, and know each other's state.

Now Jesus leads them where true joys are known,
And on each favour'd head he sets a radiant crown.
On boundless plains, blest with an endless spring,
They now delighted tread, and songs of conquest sing.
Here virtue shall her fairest shapes assume,
And wear her garlands of eternal bloom.
Here meet those worthies who unwearied trod,
Thro' generations in the ways of God.

There *Adam* now, the first of human race,
Stands forth in glory with a noble grace.
His pardon'd offspring he exults to see,
Snatch'd from destruction, and dire infamy:
With wonder views them and is first to tell,
And sing the Grace that rescu'd them from hell.

There righteous *Abel*, the first martyr stands,
 Who fell a victim by a brother's hands.
 The steady sufferers in his master's cause,
 He shows to triumph now, as once to bear the cross.

Now holy *Enoch*, with a godlike grace,
 While more than common glory decks his face,
 Stands in high rank among the sons of God;
 The first of saints who liv'd before the flood:
 And now he reigns in bliss supremely great,
 Where fadeless honours shall attend his state.

See pious *Noah*, who to God stood true,
 Amidst a world of wicked men in view;
 Whose love unwearied warn'd a guilty age,
 Who bore undaunted their insulting rage.
 High is his station in the godlike train,
 And with encreasing lustre shall forever reign.

Here, much lov'd *Abraham*, the dear friend of God,
 Who fraught with wisdom, nobly, boldly stood;
 Whose mighty faith bore witness of his grace,
 At Heaven's command to leave his native place;
 To offer Isaac at his God's request,
 Such wond'rous acts display his virtues best.
 He prov'd the father of the faithful race—
 In purest splendour view his now distinguish'd place!
 As great in goodness, great is his reward,
 He largely shares the joys of his sufficient LORD.

Now righteous *Lot*, inagnificiently bright,
 Ranks with the foremost of the sons of light.

Here peaceful *Isaac* dwells in endless rest,
 And joins the number of the cheerful blest.

And *Jacob*, next, among the chosen bands,
 Lo! there we see prevailing Israel stands.

He sought a blessing with unceasing care,
 He blessings gain'd—he lasting bliss shall share.

Here virtuous *Joseph*, whom no charms could make,
 Abjure Jehovah, or his truth forsake;
 Amongst the holy gains an honour'd place,
 And high in glory shines, as high on earth in grace.
 Of such peculiar worth his God makes known,
 His kind acceptance with a brighter crown.

There

There favour'd *Moses*, with superior grace,
 The patient leader of the chosen race ;
 Who meekly bore their base reproach and scorn,
 Who from his duty nor his God would turn—
 Stopp'd fleeing vengeance from offended heav'n,
 And gain'd them mercy, and their sins forgiv'n.
 Who smote the rock, and from the flinty place,
 Brought forth the waters in the wilderness.
 Who call'd for food, and angels' bread was giv'n,
 And to the murm'ring tribes had fleshy quails from
 heav'n,

Now cease his cares, his num'rous troubles o'er,
 He joins the ransom'd on th' eternal shore ;
 Stands, rais'd in glory, with a godlike mien,
 And with his Israel sav'd, shall with his Israel reign.

See conquering *Joshua*, at whose command,
 The happy tribes divide the promis'd land.
 Who strong in faith, was to Jehovah true,
 Among the men who went the land to view.
 Who wisely spake, and boldly fought for God
 And cruel 'Morites, those fierce foes, withstood.
 He, with his *Caleb*, ever firm and true,
 The host encourag'd to go up and view,
 The fertile plains, and take possession too.
 Whilst others base, the solemn trust betray'd,
 And by their tidings the whole camp dismay'd ;
 They, only they, among the spies where found,
 To give God glory who had view'd the ground—
 Bright they appear, and highest honours gain,
 Amongst the favour'd of the sons of men.

And there brave *Othniel*, who in Israel's need,
 Stood forth to war, and captive Israel freed.

And chosen *Ehud*, who was call'd to bring,
 The deadly message to the haughty king ;
 The people saved from cruel *Eglon's* hand,
 And gave long respite to the weary land.

Here vigorous *Shamgar*, chief in martial fame,
 Who rais'd to lasting praise his puissant name :
 He did by hundreds Philistines o'erthrow,
 And with an ox-goad slew th' insulting foe.

These

These noble heroes who undaunted stood,
So bold in battles for their country's good;
Of God appointed, Judah to befriend,
Shall now reap glory where it cannot end.

There rural *Deborah*, first of female friends,
With pious care the much-lov'd tribes defends —
Thus once she liv'd, whilst their invidious foe,
Old Canaan's king, design'd their overthrow;
Then she a mother rose of Israel's race,
To save her people from the dire disgrace.
Then fearing *Barak* came at her command,
And call'd the host which was to save the land.
They fought, they conquer'd, and *Deborah* sang,
And all their tents with grateful praises rang—
She now sings anthems of the purest lays,
And shouts unceasing, her Redeemer's praise.

See cautious *Gideon*, friend to God and man,
Who with his few, such mighty conquests wan;
Stands in the lists of those who now are blest,
And shares the joys of everlasting rest.

Next stands bold *Jephthah*, with a noble mien,
And blends with victors on th' etherial plain.

There potent *Sampson*, Judah's gen'rous friend,
Graces those worthies who did truth defend:
Who died free victims for their countries good,
And for lov'd virtue, seal'd the truth with blood.

See holy *Samuel*, of superior worth,
Whose spotless life set pure religion forth:
Who did for God, and for the people plead,
And gain'd Heaven's blessings in the time of need—
Now stands display'd in robes immortal drest,
Nor more the magic charm shall break his peaceful
rest.

There stands lov'd *David*, foremost of the choir,
See! all enraptur'd with his golden lyre;
The prince, the hero, Israel's tuneful king,
Leads forth the chosen choristers to sing:
Tunes high his harp, and strikes the sacred chord,
And shows the ransom'd how to praise their Lord.

He

He with his faithful *Jonathan* shall rest,
In closest union, and be ever blest.

There fam'd *Elijah*, zealous for his God,
Who truth pursu'd, and walk'd in wisdom's road,
Who reach'd Heaven's portals in a car of fire,
And left his servant all he could desire.

Elisha follow'd as his master went,
And in God's service willingly was spent :
The mantle touch'd, and he the touch obey'd—
At last the mantle double gifts convey'd.
They both at length have reach'd the blissful shore,
Where parting-patience shall be tried no more.

There *Micaiah*, prudent, pious, bold,
Who to the king the faithful message told.
He now undaunted more than ever stands,
And rears his head among the valiant bands
Of holy teachers, who to God stood true,
Amidst the worst that basest men could do.

These ancient worthies, with ten thousands more,
Of wond'rous worth, worth angels sung before,
Demand our songs, might we the task pursue,
But other objects now appear in view—
Of these, and of their pious deeds relate,
Who faithful prov'd, altho' of later date.

There the bold *Baptist*, of seraphic tongue,
Who call'd to penitence the guilty throng.
Repent he cried, and to your God return,
Bewail your state, and for your follies mourn ;
Let your repentance by true fruits appear,
'Then cease to sorrow, banish all your fear,
Tho' death-deserving, you shall surely live,
God, great in goodness, will your sins forgive. —
Thus once he spake, his master's herald he,
'Till guilty thousands did for mercy flee—
But now among them, in supreme delight,
He shines exalted in Jehovah's sight.

There honour'd *Stephen*, with a lovely train,
Of holy martyrs, on the holy plain.
The blest Apostles, who their Lord confest
In life and death, rise high above the rest.

These

These hallow'd pillars of the church who stood.
In stormy seasons, steady, true to God;
Shall in the upper temple now remain,
Firm and eternal, nor go out again.

Here the first christian fathers, graceful stand,
And share the joys that flow at God's right hand.
The worthy names of such a noble throng,
What pen can mention, or what human tongue?
Their sacred deeds, which swell the lists of fame,
Surpass the numbers we have pow'r to name.
These constant prov'd amidst the fiercest storms,
Of death and dangers in ten thousand forms:
In fires and tortures, they the bolder grew,
And to Heaven's cause increasing numbers drew.
The truths they taught, they gladly seal'd with blood,
And dying witness'd the full pow'r of God:
Still unsubdu'd their happy souls remain'd,
And ev'n in death they more than conquests gain'd.
Amidst their foes, in virtue of the LAMB,
They meekly bore their fate, they gloriously o'ercame.

Next other men, still younger sons of God,
Attract our notice in this blest abode;
Of different nations, various saints attend,
Of various worship—but, distinctions end.
From *Britain's* Island, darling of the skies,
See the sav'd millions high in glory rise!
The ransom'd join, and in exalted lays,
And strains melodious sing Jehovah's praise;
These brav'd the threats of persecuting rage,
And dar'd in virtue's cause, with virtue's foes engage.
Their noble acts let angel-tongues declare,
The task too great—I must, I will forbear.
How would their deeds adorn my humble verse!
Then may I not a name or two rehearse?—

Here worthy *Whitefield*, stands in bright array,
The first reformer of his favour'd day.
His trumpet-voice proclaim'd his dying LORD,
And holy unction fell with ev'ry word,
His bold descriptions of the sinner's fate,
Rous'd guilty thousands from their deadly state.

To rescue those, who near the yawning pit,
 Impell'd by love his native land to quit,
 To seek the souls who in death's confines lay,
 And guide their erring feet to realms of brightest day.
 There, he a stranger, in a distant place,
 His labours ended and his useful days :
 His charge gave up and to his God return'd,
 Whilst weeping Zion his dear absence mourn'd.
 But rais'd at last among the sons of Grace,
 Fills with high glory an exalted place.

There honour'd *Wesley*, with his chosen bands,
 Of happy myriads sav'd from various lands.
 Sprung from a race of no ignoble name,
 Our bold Elisha from Elijahs came,
 A grateful tribute I to thee would pay,
 I owe thee much—how much I cannot say!

Illustrious teacher! whose incessant care,
 Led thee for souls unnumber'd toils to share.
 At home, abroad—among thy friends and foes,
 Envenom'd malice, and base envy rose ;
 Rankest revenge, and blackest calumnies,
 That fools could mention, or great wits devise ;
 The page of scandal swell'd thy deeds to tell,
 With utmost rancour that could spring from hell :
 Against thy person, practices, and way,
 All ill was spoke that evil men could say.

But fruitless all their base attempts, and vain,
 Thy work to hinder, thy great soul restrain ;
 Thy worth to hide, thy usefulness conceal,
 Or stop the progress of thy well-meant zeal ;
 Amidst the strife to pull thy virtues down,
 Heav'n saw, and greatly did thy wond'rous labours
 own.

Thy early youth was thy Creator's care,
 Thy riper years did ceaseless blessings share ;
 Thy lengthen'd life his growing favours found,
 And thy last end uncommon mercies crown'd—
 —Beyond the reach, beyond the pow'r of harms,
 Now rest, forever rest, secure from all alarms!

The

The day be bless'd my wand'ring feet were led,
 Within the house of pray'r, thy house to tread.
 'Twas in thine absence, when a worthy son,
 By Heav'n instructed, and by thee led on,
 Who truth proclaim'd, and offer'd mercy free,
 That won my youthful heart to God and thee;
 Inform'd my soul the fatal snare to shun,
 And taught my feet the race of life to run.

By thee encourag'd what to be and do,
 And how my own and others' good pursue;
 A social charge to me at first assign'd,
 Engag'd my docile, free, but timid mind.
 Then at thy pleasure I was call'd abroad,
 The will to publish of our dying God;
 My sphere enlarg'd, more good to do and get,
 Amongst thy favour'd sons my humble name was set.

The Brothers meet, their mutual loves renew—
 And here a train of faithful men in view,
 Blest *Wesleys'* sons, these now our thoughts engage,
 The plain reformers of a guilty age.
 No swelling titles grac'd their honour'd names,
 Nor golden hundreds were their annual claims;
 But numbers witness that they long did well,
 And here *Most Reverends* stoop their praise to tell.

But chief of these, see holy *Fletcher* shine,
 Above the rest in lustre more divine.
 High on a brighter throne, and with a brighter crown,
 Applauding angels this wise servant own:
 Heav'n much approving his distinguish'd ways,
 Exalted virtue shines with more exalted blaze.

I cease to mention others of renown,
 Whose holy lives their happy deaths did crown;
 Who rose exulting in their Saviour's might,
 And reign triumphant in supreme delight.
 Unmix'd their joys, unclouded shines their sun,
 Their labours cease—their weary race is run.
 On high they dwell, here all their deeds are known,
 And the *Great Shepherd* marks them for his own:
 He leads them forth where living fountains flow,
 And guides his flocks where pleasant pastures grow.

Their

Their persons blest with every blooming grace,
 And everlasting smiles sit fresh on every face.
 Ambrosial sweets diffuse around their head,
 And flow'rs in beauty's prime grow fresher as they tread.
 In rosy bow'rs they pass their time away,
 Or thro' the verdant groves now innocently stray;
 They tread the city, or they walk the fields,
 And safely pluck the fruit *this* Eden yields.
 They tune their harps, they swell the note of praise,
 And sweetly sing of Providence and Grace;
 They scan the wonders of creation o'er,
 Its hidden secrets their blest minds explore,
 See God in all things, and that God adore. }
 There, ever pleas'd, they view the gracious plan,
 And rise in wonder at God's love to man;
 This their delight, their utmost joys to prove,
 Th' unmeasur'd heights of undeserved love:
 Indulgent goodness see throughout the whole,
 And fresh amazement fills each raptur'd soul.
 From every bosom, every care is fled,
 And deathless glories beam around their head:
 In strains sublime they bow before the throne,
 Ascribing glory to the THREE in ONE, }
 While blest *Eternity* rolls gently on.

But, here I stop, and back to earth return,
 Whilst o'er my feeble muse I inly mourn:
 I fear her parts—but mostly I complain,
 Lest I should live to grieve my God again.
 My eager bosom pants, I long to go,
 Where these faint openings to perfection grow.

Let it suffice—I surely soon shall tread,
 The solemn mansions of the silent dead;
 Take up my dwelling in the lonely tomb,
 And make my exit to my final home.—

But, say, my Soul! what for thyself remains?
 What are *thy* views beyond this certain change?
 Oh! how shall *I*, when all Adam's offspring meet,
 Appear before my Judge's judgment-seat!
 Ah! shall *I* wake in horror from my sleep,
 And wish kind death would still a prisoner keep

His willing captive, and from justice hide,
 The trembling creature in the cavern's side!
 Shall I ex'crate the voice that bids *me* rise,
 And in confusion lift my woful eyes!
 Shall I, distrest, shrink from approaching pain,
 And wish to shelter in my grave again!
 Shall I entreat the pond'rous rocks to bear
 Their massy burthens on and hide me there?
 Or hills solicit that they would afford,
 To me a cov'ring from my injured LORD!
 Or call to mountains with their cumb'rous load,
 Kindly to save me from the wrath of God!
 Or all entreat with an incessant cry,
 That they would screen me from my Judge's eye!
 But death unwilling I should longer stay,
 His charge gives up and forces me away,
 Away, reluctant, in his fury driven,
 To meet unmix'd th' everlasting wrath of Heav'n!

Or shall my dust awake in sweet surprise,
 And gladly join the ransom'd in the skies?
 Shall I rejoicing see my LORD descend,
 And on the great white throne discern a friend!
 Shall I with boldness stand in that great day,
 And see creation's glories die away?
 Join with the happy who have gone before,
 And greet mine Elders on th' eternal shore!
 Then hear my heav'nly bridegroom bid me come,
 And make me welcome to his father's home;
 And with his people share his blissful throne,
 And from his lips receive the joyful *'Well done!'*

Pleasing reflection! shall I there be found,
 At thy right hand, and with thy saints be crown'd!
 If so, my LORD, Oh! give me strength to bear,
 Life's various ills untill thou dost appear,
 To take me up beyond the reach of pain,
 In endless Glory with thyself to reign!

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 THE END.  
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